

The Historie

O, the deuill take such coofeners, God forgiue mee,
Good Vncle tell your tale, I haue done.

Wor. Nay, if you haue not, to it againe,
We will stay your leisure.

Hot. I haue done I faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners,
Deliuier them vp, without their ransome straight,
And make the Douglas sonne your onely meane
For Powers in Scotland, which for diuers reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assur'd
Will easily be granted you, my Lord.
Your sonne in Scotland being thus employed,
Shall secretly into the bosome creepe
Of that same noble prelate welbelou'd,
The Archbishop.

Hotspur. Of Yorke, is it not?

Wor. True, who beares hard
His brothers death at Bristow the Lord Scroope:
I speake not this in estimation,
As what I thinke might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set downe,
And onely stayes but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hotsp. I smell it. Vpon my life it will doe well.

Nor. Before the game is afoot, thou still lettst slip.

Hot. Why, it cannot chuse but be a noble plot,
And then the power of Scotland, and of Yorke,
To ioyne with Mortimer, ha.

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith it is exceedingly well aimd.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids vs speed,
To saue our heads, by raising of a head:
For beare our selues as euen as we can,
The King will alwayes thinke him in our debt,
And thinke we thinke our selues vnsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.
And see already, how he doth begin
To make vs strangers to his lookes of loue.

of Henry the fourth.

Hot. He does, he does, weele be reueng'd on him.

Wor. Coofen, farewell. No further goe in this.
Then I by letters shall direct your course

When time is ripe, which will be suddenly:

Ile steale to Glendower, and loe, Mortimer,

Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once,

As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,

To beare our fortunes in our owne strong armes,

Which now we hold at much vncertainie.

Nor. Farewel good brother, we shal thrive, I trust.

Hot. Vncle adieu: O let the houres be short,

Till fields, and blowes, and grones applaud our sport.

Enter a Carrier With a lanterne in his hand.

1 Car. Heigh ho. An it bee not foure by the day, ile bee
hangd, Charles waine is ouer the new Chimney, and yet our
horse not packt. What Ostler.

Ost. Anon, anon.

1 Car. I prethee Tom, beat Cuts saddle, put a few flocks in
the point, poore iade is wrung in the withers, out of all celse.

Enter another Carrier.

2 Car. Pease and beanes are as danke here as a dog, and that
is the next way to giue poore iades the bots: this house is turned
vp side downe since Robin Ostler died.

1 Car. Poore fellow neuer ioied since the price of Oates rose,
it was the death of him.

2 Car. I thinke this be the most villainous house in al London
road for fleas, I am stung like a Tench.

1 Car. Like a Tench: by the Masse there is ne're a king christen
could be better bit, then I haue bin since the first cocke.

2 Car. Why, they will allow vs ne're a lordane, and then we
leake in your chimney, and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like
a loach.

1 Car. What, Ostler, come away, and be hang'd, come away.

2 Car. I haue a gammon of Bacon, and two razes of Gin-
ger, to be deliuered as farr as Charing crosse.

1 Car. Gods body, the Turkies in my Panier are quiet star-
ued: what Ostler? a plague on thee, hast thou neuer an eie in thy
head? can't not heare, and 'twere not as good deede as drink to
breake

5. Lord.